

A Perfect Baking Powder.

The constantly growing demand for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard cream tartar powder for forty years, is due to two causes.

FIRST:—The extreme care exercised by the manufacturers to make it perfectly pure, uniform in quality, and of highest raising power.

SECOND:—The recent investigations exposing the fact that certain other brands of baking powder contain ammonia and still others that were found to contain alum. These unscrupulous manufacturers are being found out, and the consumers are giving them a wide berth.

Nothing is left to chance in the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Chemists are employed to test every ingredient as to purity and strength. Hence, its marvelous purity and uniformity. Each can is like every other. It never disappoints. BEST IS ALWAYS the CHEAPEST.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

FREE EXCURSION

From California, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon to Portland.

We will furnish free round-trip transportation to any person residing in any of the above-named states who desire to visit Portland and its vicinity. This offer will hold good for sixty days, commencing November 1, 1901.

Write us at once and get identification papers. Remember 1902 will be the best year for Portland. Buy now while cheap, and sell at a big profit when the boom comes. For particulars address: Cassady & Co., Real Estate & Tour Co., No. 44 Stark street, Portland, Or.

"Two knots an hour" is a pretty fair rate, and the minister as he pocketed the fee of the second bride couple.

For bronchial, asthmatic and pulmonary complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

Went down with colors flying—the palmer who stammered on his way to work.

See Examination Store, Portland, no dust, no smell.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations

A worn-out with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Sauterites, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: "I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy."

The Cod
That Helps to Cure
The Cold.
The disagreeable
taste of the
COD LIVER OIL
is dissipated in
SCOTT'S
EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.
The patient suffering from
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLIC, OR
WASTING DISEASES, may take the
remedy with as much satisfaction as he
would take milk. It is a perfect emulsion,
and a wonderful food product. Take no other.

INDIAN DEGRADATION
PENSION PAYMENTS
LAND HOMESTEAD POSTAL
CLAIMS

The "EXAMINER" BUREAU OF CLAIMS
—UNDER THE DIRECTION OF—
San Francisco Examiner.

If you have a claim of any description whatsoever
against the United States Government and
wish it speedily adjusted, address
JOHN WEDDERBURN Manager,
615 F STREET, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
WINTER & HARPER,
71 Morrison Street, Portland, Or.
Box 909.

WALL PAPER
10 cents per double roll. Send 2-cent stamp for
sample. K. HOFFEL & SONS,
125 Third street, Portland, Or.

PARISIAN MEAT MARKETS.

Some of the Tricks of the Merchants—How Their Prices Vary.

Though it may seem an easy job to drop into half a dozen shops and by a few smart questions ascertain the price of provisions in Paris, the task, however, is not quite so easy as it first appears. In the price of meat, for instance, there is no standard apparent. If you ask the price of a leg of mutton in the Saint Honoré quarter, the butcher will let you have the joint at about twenty-four cents a pound. In the Champs Elysees quarter I have been asked, at a fashionable butcher's, for a similar joint, thirty-eight cents, under pretext that it was pre-salt-lamb fed on salt marshes, or Southdown, which is more humbug. I have dined in the evening with a French family in the Montmartre quarter, and on admiring the toothsome of the gigot—I have been informed it there cost eighteen cents a pound! Now mark that these three precisely similar joints were each bought in a butcher's shop, and not bargained for in a market, where competition often lowers the price. Yet even in these three cases I found a difference of above 100 per cent.

These fashionable dealers lay out their meat in the most tempting manner on white marble slabs. It is cut into the most enticing portions, and displayed in such a clean and delicate way as to render the sight of it a pleasing object. The shops in which it is sold are, for the most part, lined with white tiles, which give them a very clean appearance. The outside is highly gilt, with red railings, and the favorite joints, such as the legs of mutton, are hung up in rows, enveloped like bouquets, in cut paper, and decorated with green bay leaves and pink paper roses. Artificial flowers are strewn amongst loins and shoulders of mutton; and cutlets, dressed of gross fat, lie ready to be dressed, while every other object likely to lull and overcome the unsightliness of the trade is cunningly paraded to invite custom. I have even seen a small calf, opened and thoroughly cleansed, hung up in a most becoming manner, while a veil of apparently fine lace, entirely made, or rather cut, out of a certain portion of its inside, has been gracefully thrown over the carcass.

The meat eaten in Paris is divided into two parts—that brought as livestock, slaughtered and cut up in the Paris abattoirs, or slaughter houses, and that cut up in the provinces, the coarse pieces of which are eaten on the spot, and the best forwarded by express train to the Halles, or Central markets, and from there sent to the butcher's shops.

The character, or pork butcher, follows a trade almost unknown to us. At his shop every object of pig meat, potted meat and other appetizing articles for breakfast and lunch may be purchased, as well as turkeys, capons, and even partridges stuffed with truffles, at certain seasons of the year. You can here buy a single slice of ham or a sausage, cooked or uncooked. You may purchase a first rate pate de Strasbourg for \$5, or obtain a slice of it for twenty cents. Truffles, olives, sardines, tongues and coiletoles of every description, pigs' feet, bread crumbed and truffled, lie ready for immediate cooking; cold roast pork, sausages made of wild boar, and a hundred other luxuries tempt you, and always stand enticingly placed to whet your appetite.

The average market price of pork last year was sixteen cents a pound. As for the meat, this, in of course, the wholesale price current by auction at the central markets.

Fish, though it may appear extraordinary, can be found even fresher here than in London. Since the establishment of railways all the French fishing towns have apparently agreed to send up some nine-tenths of their take to the French metropolis. Add to this an almost incredible supply daily received from England and Belgium, as well as the produce of the French rivers, and the ample quantities of this delicacy may, to a certain extent, be accounted for.—Paris Letter in New York Star.

Ventured a Sornie.
"Susie," said Willie to his sister, "what are Blackfeet Indians?"
"What are what?"
"Blackfeet Indians."
"I don't know," said Susie, "what the expression can mean, unless those wicked traders have been selling the poor Indians some of the hogery that is warranted not to fade."—Merchant Traveller.

As Usual.
Our old and valued friend, Resolution, called on us last evening.
"How're you fixed?" we asked.
"Broke," said he.—Washington Post.

SHIFTING OF THE SEASONS.

Sergeant Dunn Says There is Just as Much Heat and Cold as Ever.

"Are the seasons changing?" said Sergeant Dunn, echoing the query. "Well, as to the amount of heat and cold received and distributed over this part of the earth I cannot say that there is very much difference. The seasons vary somewhat, but when the end of the year comes around, and we begin to figure on profit and loss of heat and cold, it is not often that they do not counterbalance each other or come close to it. How do I determine on the loss of heat and cold? Well, by taking the means of each month's temperature for a great many years and finding a normal; then for each day and each month calculations are made to show whether the heat received has been deficient or in excess. Thus we are enabled to give the changes in seasons. For instance, the annual mean temperature for this city is exactly 50.1 degs. During 1888 there was a deficiency of 45.2 degs. mean temperature, or about 14 degs. for each day, and every one knows the winter was mild. This year there was an excess still greater, and it amounts to nearly 2 degs. for each day. By comparing records for twenty years past I find the same excess or deficiency taking place.

"The cold snaps during the past winter were of short duration, but they were sufficiently severe to overcome the excess of heat gained for ten or fifteen days, and it often occurs that the temperature will run down to 8 or 10 degs. above zero and remain there long enough for solid ice to form. Should that occur early in the season and ice remain on the ground, people would say it was a cold winter, but no matter how cold it may be, if there is no ice or snow, then the old cry is heard about our grandfather's days. Now the seasons show little or no change, except that the cold spells are shorter, more severe and come later in the season, thus admitting a greater number of days of moderate cold. The same applies to the summer months. So that it seems imperative for people who balance heat and cold by feeling or memory to change their methods. The highest mean annual temperature for the last sixteen years is 52.9 and the lowest 48.6, making a range of only 4.3. This fully verifies the statement that the same amount of heat and cold is received, and that if any change has taken place it must be at irregular intervals."

"Do we receive our usual contributions of snow?"
"For the year 1888 there was a trifle short of four feet, and for 1889 to date two feet seven inches. This shows a material shortage of snow in comparison with previous years and a decided increase in rainfall."

"It is said that Professor Tyndall and others ascribe the abundance of rain and warm weather this season to a change in the course of the Gulf Stream, which brings its current nearer to our coast. Do you consider such to be the case?"
"No. In the first place, there is nothing on record to show that there has been any change, except of a temporary nature, in the course of the stream, and then the only information is based on a report from one captain, who, while crossing the Gulf Stream near latitude 33 degs., found the temperature of the water in one place, that was about twenty miles west of the stream, to be the same temperature as that noted while in the stream center. Even should there be a change and the warm current run 100 miles nearer our coast, it would not materially change our climate only at such times as the wind would blow on shore for an indefinite period, as all the storms pass from our shores to the northeast, and the prevailing wind blowing from the southwest would of itself dispose of the theory of any change in the Gulf Stream as affecting our climate."

"The same weather conditions that exist in this section prevail everywhere east of the Mississippi, and can readily be ascribed to the unusual number of storms crossing from the southwest over the lakes into Canada, cutting off cold waves and allowing high barometric pressures to hold full sway over the southern states, both forces tending to increase the heat all along the line from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes. The mild climate of the British Isles is justly attributed to the Gulf Stream; there the prevailing winds are from the ocean, from west to east, carrying with them the warm, moist atmosphere created by the streams. Now our prevailing winds are off shore and the Gulf Stream can never produce such an effect on this side of the ocean until the earth rotates in the opposite direction and our storms come from the east instead of the west."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Dangerous Attraction.
Naples' tradesmen and merchants, hotel keepers rejoice, for Vesuvius is freshly aflame and sightseers crowd to the beautiful city. As a lion, Naples possesses in this volcano something incomparable, for when the fiery thing shakes its flaming mane and roars it draws tens of thousands of strangers to the city, and the sluggish pulse of business is stimulated. It was probably so in A. D. 79 for a short time. But the mountain grew terrible, and Hercules and Pompeii were buried. A volcano is an attraction that will not arouse envy on the part of other cities of the world. A good exposition is safer, and it is not likely to put forth its might and reduce its surroundings to a prairie of lava, ashes and cinder.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Mustard Oil as a Lubricant.
Mustard oil has of late been given some attention as a lubricant, and it is reported to have been successfully used for some time in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said not to be susceptible to cold, and, besides, does not easily become rancid or form fatty acids which would attack metal. Its lubricating value, moreover, according to Professor G. Herman, of Aix-la-Chapelle, is of a relatively high order. No particulars have been yet given as to the cost of the new lubricant, its specific gravity, etc.—Electrician.

Too Precocious, by Far.
"Yes, yes, we know, Elfrida. Rich and Turpin and Jesse James were great bandits in their way, but they didn't hold a light to Atlas. As you say Atlas held up the world while—but there, there, run along, Elfrida, run along and play."—American Grocer.

A Successful Business Man.
Country Bride (taking in the sights)—What a big printin' business this Mr. Job must do, John.
Country Bridegroom—Yes, he's got printin' offices all over the city.—Epoch.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

The Royal Baking Powder Contaminated in the New York Legislature.

Last Monday Mr. Kelly introduced the following bill in the assembly. A careful reading of it will show that it is a very important one:

AN ACT TO PREVENT THE USE OF POISONOUS AND INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS IN BAKING POWDERS.

WHEREAS, Baking Powders manufactured in this state, known as the "ROYAL" brand, and other Baking Powders are advertised for sale as absolutely pure; and

WHEREAS, Official examination shows them to contain ammonia and other injurious ingredients; therefore THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Every can or package of baking powder containing Ammonia offered for sale in this state shall have a conspicuous label thereon with the words, "Contains Ammonia," printed thereon in plain type, not smaller than three sixteenths of an inch, and shall sell, or have or offer for sale, any such can or package of baking powder without such label thereon, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Section 2. This act shall take effect July 1, 1891.—New York Press, April 13, 1891.

UNEASINESS AT PEKING.

In an article under this heading a recent number of The North China Herald, published at Shanghai, says: "We learn from Peking that there is a feeling of great uneasiness as to the stability of things in China. The young emperor and empress are believed to be unhappy, as there has been nothing but disaster since their accession. There is no loyalty in China, in our sense of the word, and there are great fears that trouble will arise from the general distress inevitable in this coming winter, and that if there were any men of eminence who saw any advantage to be gained from raising a rebellion it would go hard with the present dynasty. The misfortune that has happened since the present emperor's accession have revived the discontent that was felt at the irregularity of his succession, which furnished his accession at the time, as will be remembered, in the suicide of one of the consorts. We would earnestly impress upon the naval authorities that no treaty port in the empire ought to be left without a man-of-war this winter. There is no special antipathy to foreigners, but their safety may easily be involved in some tumult that may arise from causes entirely unconnected with their presence."

A Photograph Dance.

Last evening the Carson wheelmen gave a photograph ball in this city, at the Armory hall. Between each dance Edison's latest photographic play was shown. The guests of the club were able to listen to Schubert's serenade from Gilmore's land; selections from the popular operas by the First regiment band in San Francisco; a piano solo by Mrs. Louis Glass, San Francisco; a letter from Thomas Edison, in London; a letter from Bill Nye to the editor of The Morning Appeal; a recitation by George Bromley, of San Francisco; the voices of Gen. Boulanger, P. T. Barnum, President Harrison, Levi P. Morton, Henry Grady, Gladstone, Parnell and Mr. Langtry. A receiver was arranged over the orchestra, and the music of the dance, including the shout of the caller and the shuffling of feet, was all faithfully recorded.—Carson (Nev.) Special to Globe-Democrat.

A Duel of Politicians.

Old Judge Fernald, of Santa Barbara, has the reputation of being the politest man in California. He never loses an opportunity to doff his hat or to offer some slight attention to wayfaring men and women. One day, as he was about to take the train for San Francisco, he reached the rear steps of the last car just as they were approached by a young priest.

"After the cloth," said the chivalric judge, stepping back with a courtly bow. "Gray hairs have the preference," returned the priest, with a splendid wave of the hand.

"The church always has precedence," retorted the judge, taking another backward step, but in hand.

"The church follows in the footsteps of the fathers," replied the priest, bowing low and indicating the way to the steps.

The duel of politeness was not half through, neither yielding an inch, when the train pulled out, leaving both bowing and smiling on the platform.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Powerful Witness.

It is told of Sir Richard Webster that, as he was driving in a hansom to the law courts, another cab ran foul of his. On alighting Sir Richard gave the cabman his card in case he was wanted as a witness.

The case came on in due course, and Sir Richard, coming into the court, was asked to take a seat near the bench. The verdict was given in the cabman's favor. When Sir Richard went out there stood cabby waiting for him.

"Jump in, sir," he said; "I'll drive yer anywhere. I knowed it 'ud be all right when I saw yer up there a-squaring the beam!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Game Hen.

I had a queer thing happen while exercising yesterday, showing how the old instinct still lingers in our common barnyard fowls. I was passing an old corn field, very bare of any grass or weeds, when my dog made game. Thinking there might be a stray bevy of quail, I walked in. He worked up carefully and finally stood stiff, but seemed a little puzzled. I saw something in front of his nose that looked like a dead owl at first, but I soon saw it was a hen. She lay as flat as a flounder, head on the ground. As I stepped up close she went off with a mighty flurry and cackling.—Forest and Stream.

Tattooed Algerians.

In Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross formed of several straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands, their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders, their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule, women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of 7 and 8 that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purpose of face painting.—Chicago Herald.

About Money Making.

No one who has any experience can doubt that money is one of the great practical forces of organized society. The poor boy who resolves to "make money" is not necessarily mercenary in his spirit or low in his aims. To gain a foothold by the ownership of property is simply one step on the road to success. That gained, he has gained a great lever. Every energetic, aspiring American boy may rightly and naturally look forward to the accumulation of property. But to wish for money, to seek it, or to use it in a selfish, base spirit, to make it in itself the first and most important object of life, is contemptible and degraded manhood. Think about making money then; think about it earnestly and with a fixed determination to do it; but think quite as seriously of other and higher things to be done.—Country Gentleman.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of civilization the far West has a new demand created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. New and old settlers are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. When he does not intend to migrate soon, the settler must take care to protect himself against malaria and the various diseases which it brings on, and to which climate changes, exposure and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. A sure remedy for these ailments is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a restorative and a motor of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

Bless—'I'll pay you, I'll give you my word. Bigger—'Well, I'll give you my word.

ALL REFORMERS

In Art, Religion or Science Since the World Began

Have at some time been called bigots, fanatics, renegades. And a people have stoned a prophet to whose memory the next generation has raised a monument for the greatness of his deeds.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 19, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: I will have to write you that I am surprised to find myself so greatly improved in so little time, and am pleased to say that could not give you medicines too great praise. My health was going so fast that medicines could do me no good. I was hopeless of ever recovering. I thought too late to try your medicines, but with death staring me in the face I determined to do so. I am pleased that I did it, for at this date I have received tenfold the price of the medicines. If I should say one hundred fold, it would not be overvaluing the difference in my health. I feel like another man. Yours respectfully, JAMES H. HYSON.

East Sound, Wash., Aug. 15, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: I have been getting along so well that I did not think it necessary. I have stopped taking the treatment now, and I believe I am entirely well. Your medicines have done what you told us they would do—they have made a new woman of me. I now feel like myself again, after suffering for eight years with catarrh of the head and throat, and that very painful thing—neuritis of the stomach. I took three months' medicine. Both my husband and myself feel as though we cannot be thankful enough to you for what you have done for me. I hope that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of Dr. Jordan and his most valuable medicines. Yours most respectfully, Mrs. C. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeiser, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

Consultations and prescriptions absolutely free.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town.

The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Lady or gentleman wanted to represent associated Portland patients. Permanent position. For particulars address: Leonard Association, 101 West 21st, New York City.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones, and are equally effective, and are perfectly palatable. Exact size shown in this border.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling.

C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queen's, N. Y., says: "I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1833. I am now over 75 years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, mumps, acid stomach, disordered digestion or constiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restore their health at once."

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human initiators.

The manufacturers of Star Plug chewing tobacco have made St. Louis the greatest tobacco market in the world by furnishing the consumer a better tobacco than is produced by other manufacturers and always making the plugs of Star full sixteen-ounce pounds. It pays to study the interests of the consumer, as he is "the Judge and the Jury."

WILKY B. ALLEN & CO.

211 First St., Portland, Or., have assumed the control and management of the Starway Plugs. All the present styles from Concord Grand down will be kept in stock and the best of the interest of any one wanting the great king of all instruments.

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